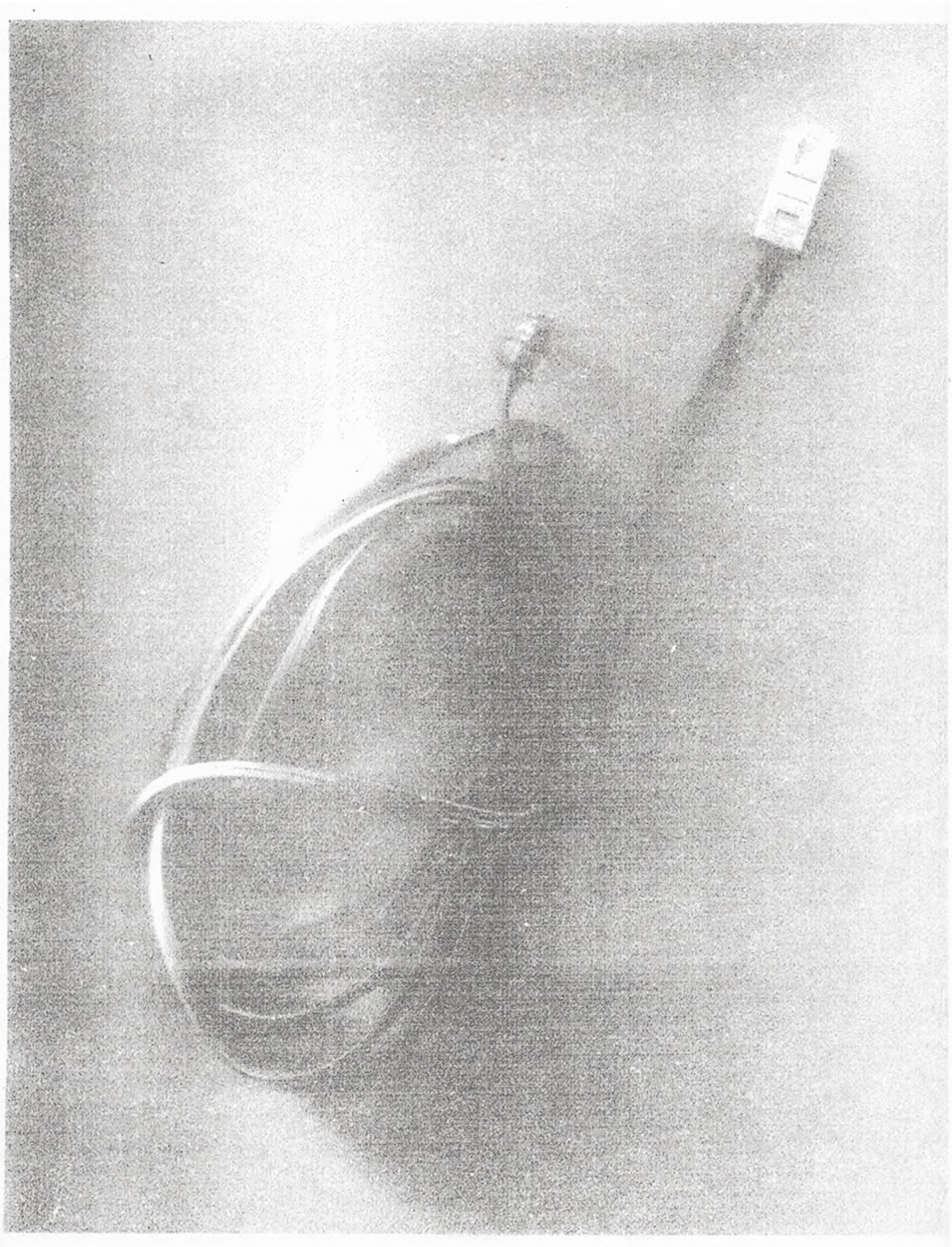

CURRENT SETTING

MAR. 01 2025 11:00AM

LANDLINE

LANDLINE SCRIPT
RUNTIME: 1 HR
CAVE SOUND

Welcome to Landline

This is Anna Howard and Steph Linn Broadcasting to you from a bathtub in London. You are tuned in, and we are plugged in. Thanks to Giulia and Alex of Residency 11:11 for inviting us to do this as a part of "Hosting; Practice of Care".

Landline is a live radio show and publication. For those at home, you should be able to see a live feed of a fax machine on your screen - as we broadcast we welcome listeners to contribute images and text to make a collaborative publication. To submit please send your text or images to (+44(0)787367998) via whatsapp! Then you can watch the stream to see your contribution emerge from a piece of obsolete technology!

KETTLE SOUND

1234 OCD

Time to leave the house - keys, phone, wallet - check.

Backdoor's locked
Sockets are off
And one final push on the fridge door to confirm it is sealed shut.

I make my way to the front door.

As I turn the latch a thought tugs at me. I go back:

Backdoor's locked
Sockets are off
And one final push on the fridge door to confirm it is sealed shut.

I would like to think it was the rhythm of my actions that woke the objects up, but considering how much power they wield over me I'm not sure who was conscious first.

Heading out of the door isn't an option anymore. Things feel out of control and I can't ignore the quiet, lingering disappointment coming from the house.

I walk back to the kitchen and stand before the stainless steel Bosch gas hob.

My fingers hover over the first dial. I pause. Then, I tap it to the right.

Once. Twice. Three times. Four.

I move to the next, whilst under my breath I say

One, two, three, four.

Then the next.

One, two, three, four.

Again.

One, two, three, four.

The last one.

One, two, three, four.

I stop - exhale. That wasn't right. I still feel the same, and my thoughts are muddy.

Today, the talisman is the gas hob; in the past it's been a light switch

On / Off / On / Off

And the zip on a duffle bag

Open / closed / open / closed

So I start the process again. This time, my thoughts sharpen, my focus deepens and I enter a trance

One, two, three, four.
One, two, three, four.
One, two, three, four.
One, two, three, four.

I press my fingertips against the metal, grounding myself. Now, I have done it correctly. The rhythm is complete and the intention is set.

I've sealed a deal with the gas hob.

Things will stay as they are, I've shielded my loved ones for another day.

Tarha Ebouse (Sahahran Music from Whatsapp) (6 mins 28)

That's Etran de L'air taken from the record "Music from Saharan WhatsApp"

SUBMISSION PROMPT:

You are listening to Landline with Anna Howard and Steph Linn,

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The prompt is: dials, switches, wires, sockets.

DIGGING THRU

There's a beige box in my living room, attached to the wall. Sometimes I touch it- lift it up- see if it's something I could remove. Caked in paint, the landlord special has caressed it many times. Another rejection has come through my phone. An application kindly (but firmly) rejected. The bad news reached me through thin air, through radio waves, or some bouncing signal. It travelled from an office computer, mass sent to over 200 other unsucesses. I imagine this email soaring out from that one server, bouncing to satellites, running through fibre optic cables, glancing across 5g transmitters, being absorbed by the ground and the tunnels and the soil. It arrives all across London, sending small disappointments everywhere.

But this small box- magnolia iced with white. Old plastic becomes a special colour once it ages, Yellow, magnolia, tan. Yolky, bready, yeasty. The kind of colour that looks like you could wipe it clean with the right combination of solvents. My knitting machine is the same colour. But this box was abandoned. No signals bring it life anymore. I almost feel sorry for it, but remembering its ugliness I am determined to put it out of its misery.

Holding it like a small bird at first, I check where it meets the wall. There's a gray film on the back of it sticking onto some accumulated grease. When I touch the hole where the cord enters, parts of the wall crumble away. A voice whispers like a static shock "pull it". So I tenderly start to pull; stopping every few seconds as if to check for pain. The wire gives, the wall crumbles away. I cant stop now, the peeling feels so good. I'm finally picking that scab thats lived on this wall for two years, getting my revenge. The wall just falls away as I uncover more wire. These 1960's builds, all made of cardboard asbestos plaster and plastic, you can just peel peel peel away until the whole building is gone.

The wires are threading through the walls of this house —electricity cables, telephone lines, and ethernet binding the house together. They form a hidden mesh, a web that cradles the home as if the bricks, concrete, and plaster cling to them, not the other way around.

I'm now scratching, digging, tearing at this wall. Plaster cakes underneath my fingernails. The dust is somewhere in my body now, corrupting cells. I never reach the wall, just endless dust to dig through. Each layer reveals another beige texture to explore with my fingers, and I dive them in without fear. Piles of wallpaper lay around me, I'm kneeling in a pile of white, elbow deep in the wall- and I finally feel something resist. Tearing slows into a soft caress, I'm imagining my girlfriends cheek in the cold, and wiping it slowly.
Where the cable used to be there's now a gate, forged wires make figures and florets. There's more cords joining mine, all leading down into a

tunnel just my size. I take this guide in my hand, now being pulled instead of pulling.

Soon, the copper landline wires will be phased out - retired. In some homes, they will remain, dormant yet embedded in the walls and part of the mesh. In others, the wires will be unwound, pulled from the fabric of the home like a snag in a scarf.

My hands are combing across chalky walls. Cold and wet are the same feeling. Cold is the presence of moisture- damp. I've found myself in a dug out tunnel after following the wire for a few hours. Around my feet are hundreds of cords. They have woven themselves neatly into a celtic braid that make a soft mat.

I DREAM OF WIRES - Gary Numan (5:09)

That was Gary Numan "I Dream of Wires

SUBMISSION PROMPT

You are listening to Landline with Anna Howard and Steph Linn,

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0044 7873679998

The prompt is: dust, plaster, peeling, tearing.

DRIPPING

MAN UPSTAIRS

There's a leak coming from upstairs.

I watch it slowly build up.

The white ceiling swells and bubbles at the corner

The chalky calcium residue looks like ornate moulding - but the yellow stain is not decoration; it's the silhouette of decay.

The drip is evidence of an act, a repetitive behaviour performed by my neighbour that is leaving a mark on my ceiling.

Like a desire path where the erosion is driven by an instinct to create a new pathway beside the orderly infrastructure.

If I could slip through the layers of material that separate me and my neighbour

Paint - plasterboard - dust - structural joists - floorboard - lino - I'd arrive at their kitchen.

A small kitchen, last renovated in the 1980s.
The walls are painted a thick peach colour.

Beside the fridge is a framed picture of daffodils.

The picture frame drips incessantly.

You see my neighbour likes things just so. Not long after they moved in they decided to wrap their sofa in a protective layer of plastic.

It wasn't about cleanliness – the sheen became an obsession, and gradually, all their possessions got the same treatment, wrapped in layers and layers of clingfilm.

The exception to this rule is the frames.
The hunt for all that glistens has led my neighbour to freeze their picture frames

- the ice is the glaze. Every night, the frames are put into the freezer like ice trays, and every morning, they are ritually hung up.

They shimmer in the light for a few hours while the water drips and then cascades down the wall, onto the skirting, through a gap in the lino and soaks into the wood, the joists, the dust and the plasterboard.

Like most, my neighbour is full of contradictions and unable to see their blind spots.

So they overlook the stain forming on the wall and the damp contents left hanging.

And while the drip sound torments me downstairs, the metronome is their mantra

Connie Converse Text

This morning i felt the last ever spring

Buds fail to bloom

And the warmth on my back begins to burn

Dreaming on the overground to Dalston Junction

I meet Connie Converse in a tunnel beneath the Atlantic.

She sits cross legged on an internet cable, strumming her guitar.

“Why did you disappear, those 50 years ago?" I asked her.

“It was either find a job, or be free.”

Drinking tea, we could hear the cables humming. A shark swam by and took a nibble of the thick wire, and as it tore the letters songs sounds and numbers streamed out, thick and grey.

The data dissipated in the water, diluted and washed away on the currents. “Its easier to disappear than you would ever think”, she said with a smile.

Two Tall Mountains- Connie Converse (2:30)

SUBMISSION PROMPT

You are listening to Landline with Anna Howard and Steph Linn,

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The prompt is: dripping, hills, stains, erosion.

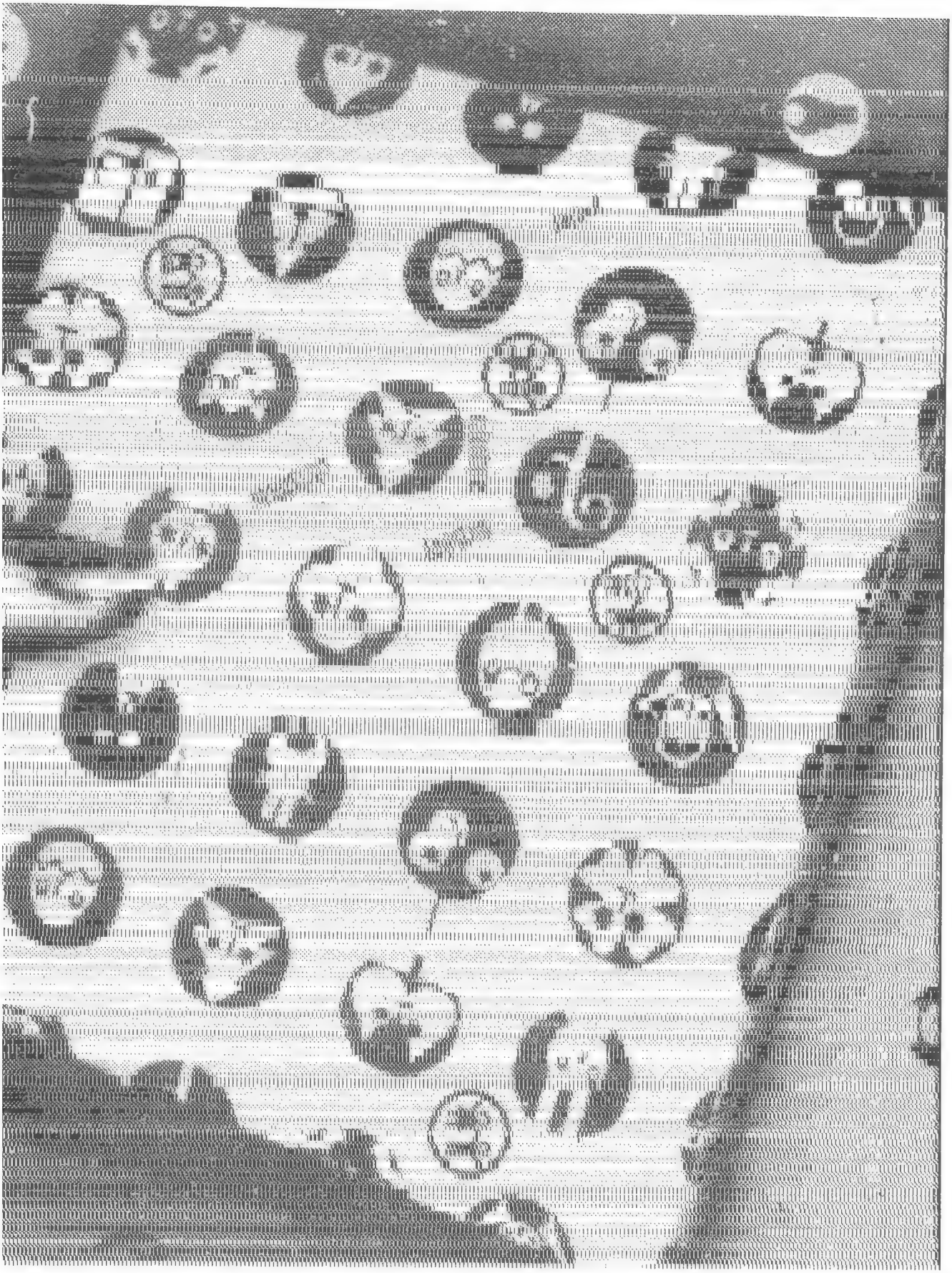
ANNA & STEPH VOICE NOTES CONVO

Lost Something in the Hills- (3:28)

Thank you for tuning in to Landline. You've come with us on a journey from a bathtub to a cave in the Appalachian mountains.

The live stream of the fax machine will continue to run while it prints out all the submissions. Check back for the results… where it is located online.

LELAND SPRINKLE SONG



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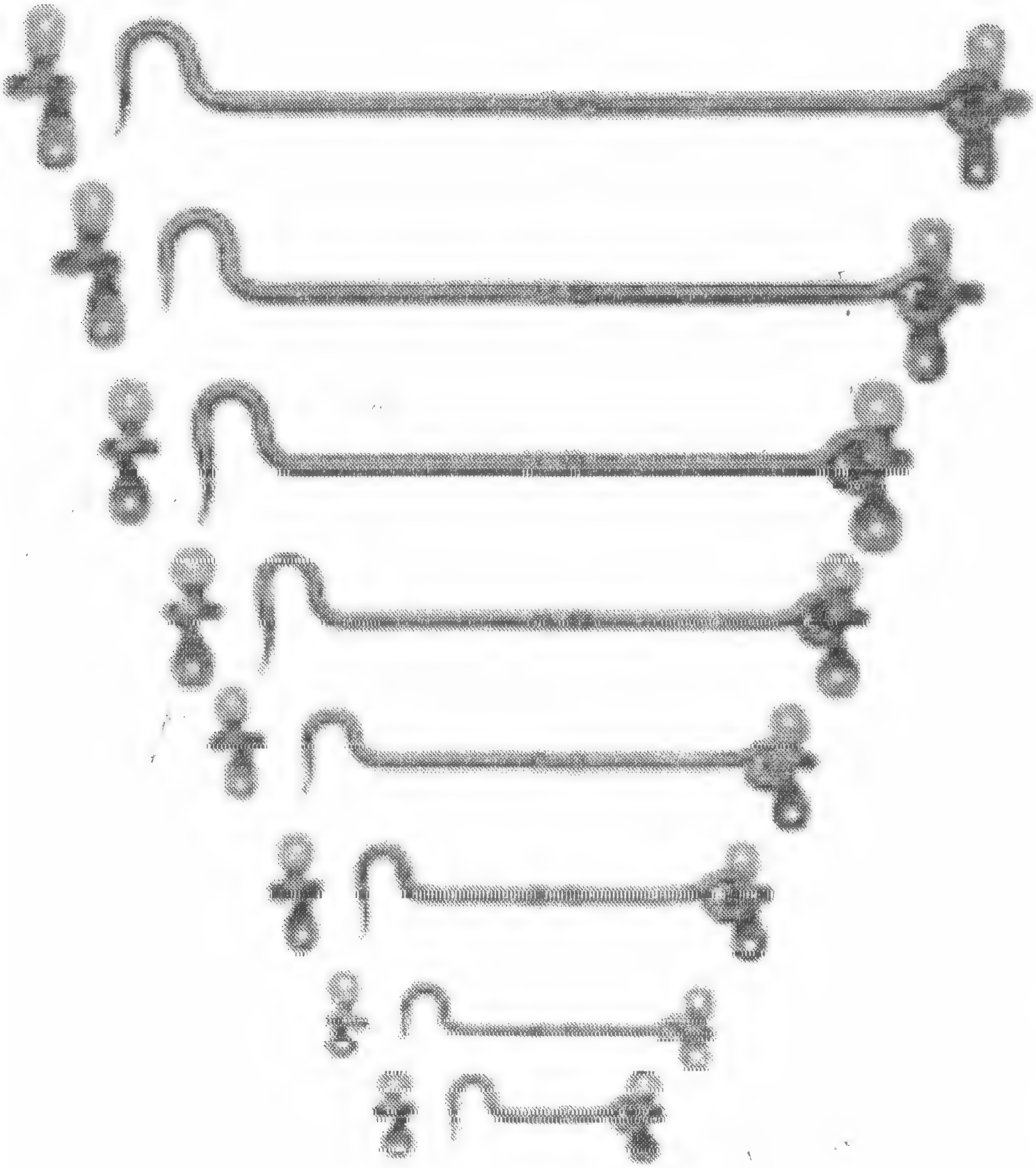
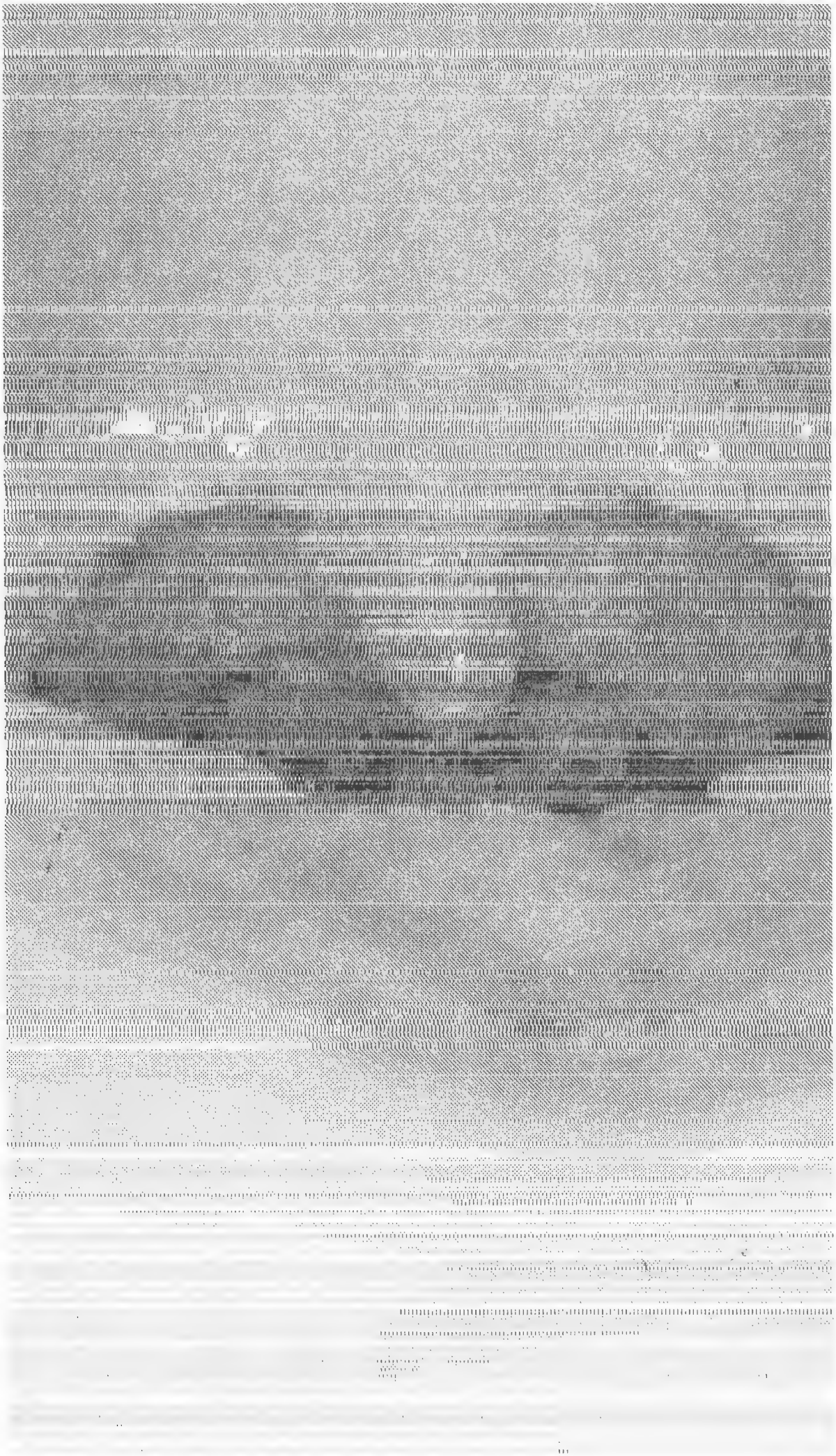
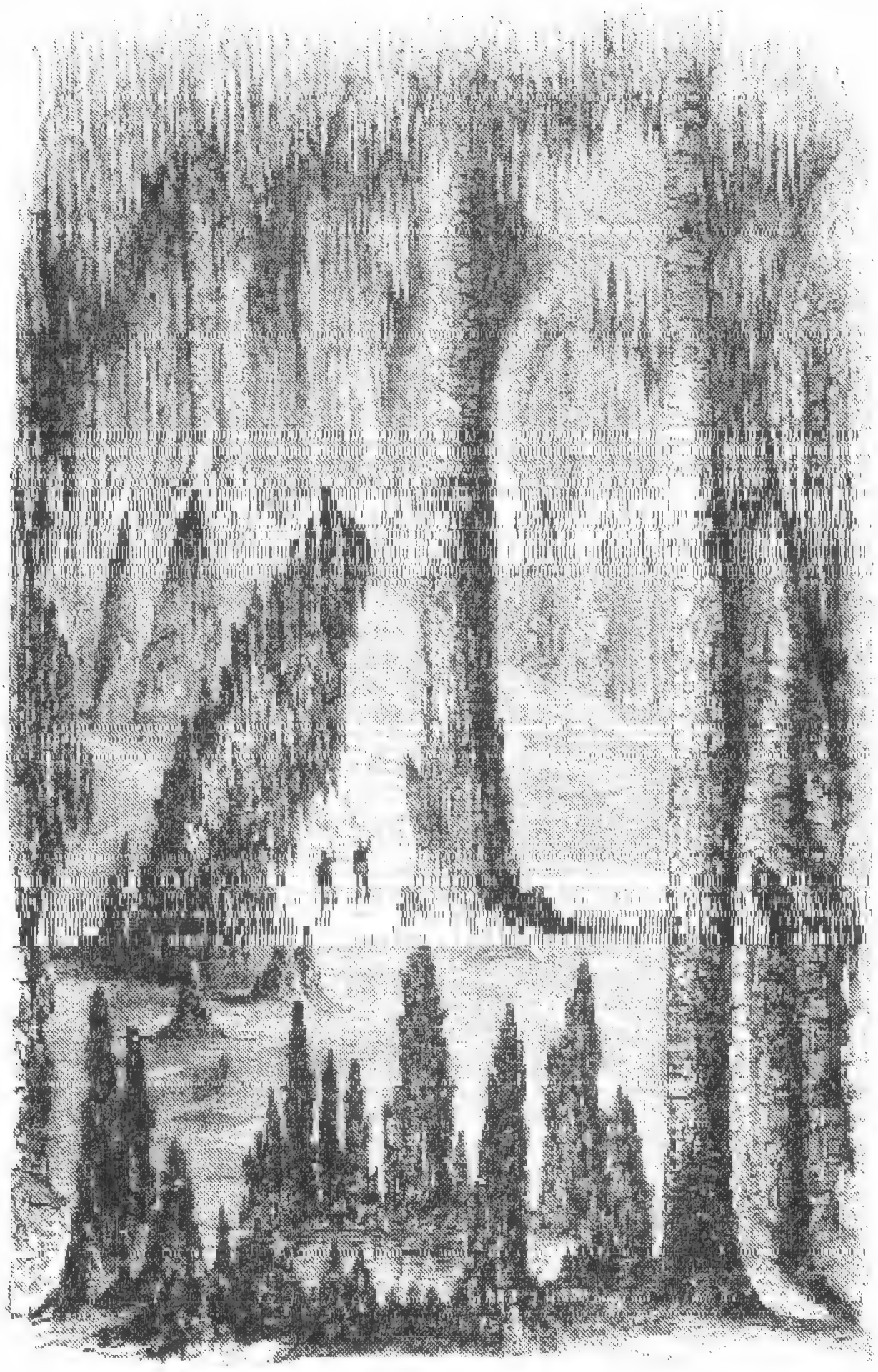
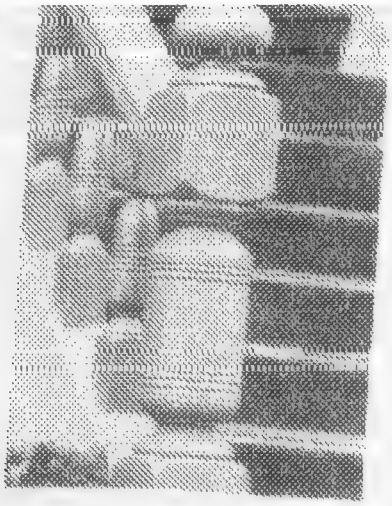


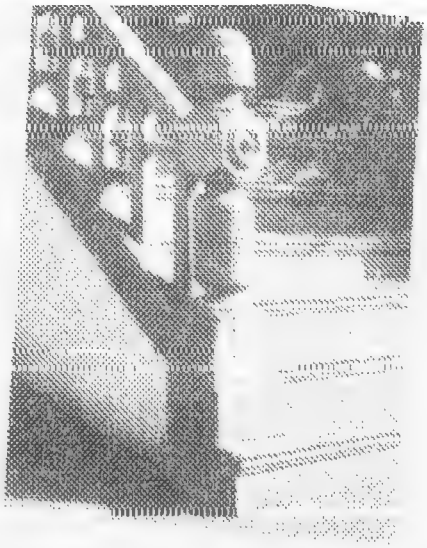
I love fax machines

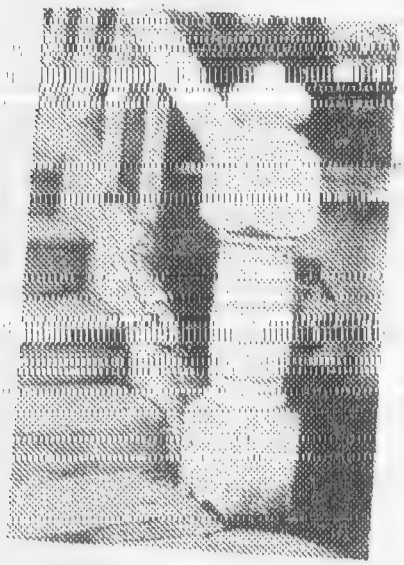


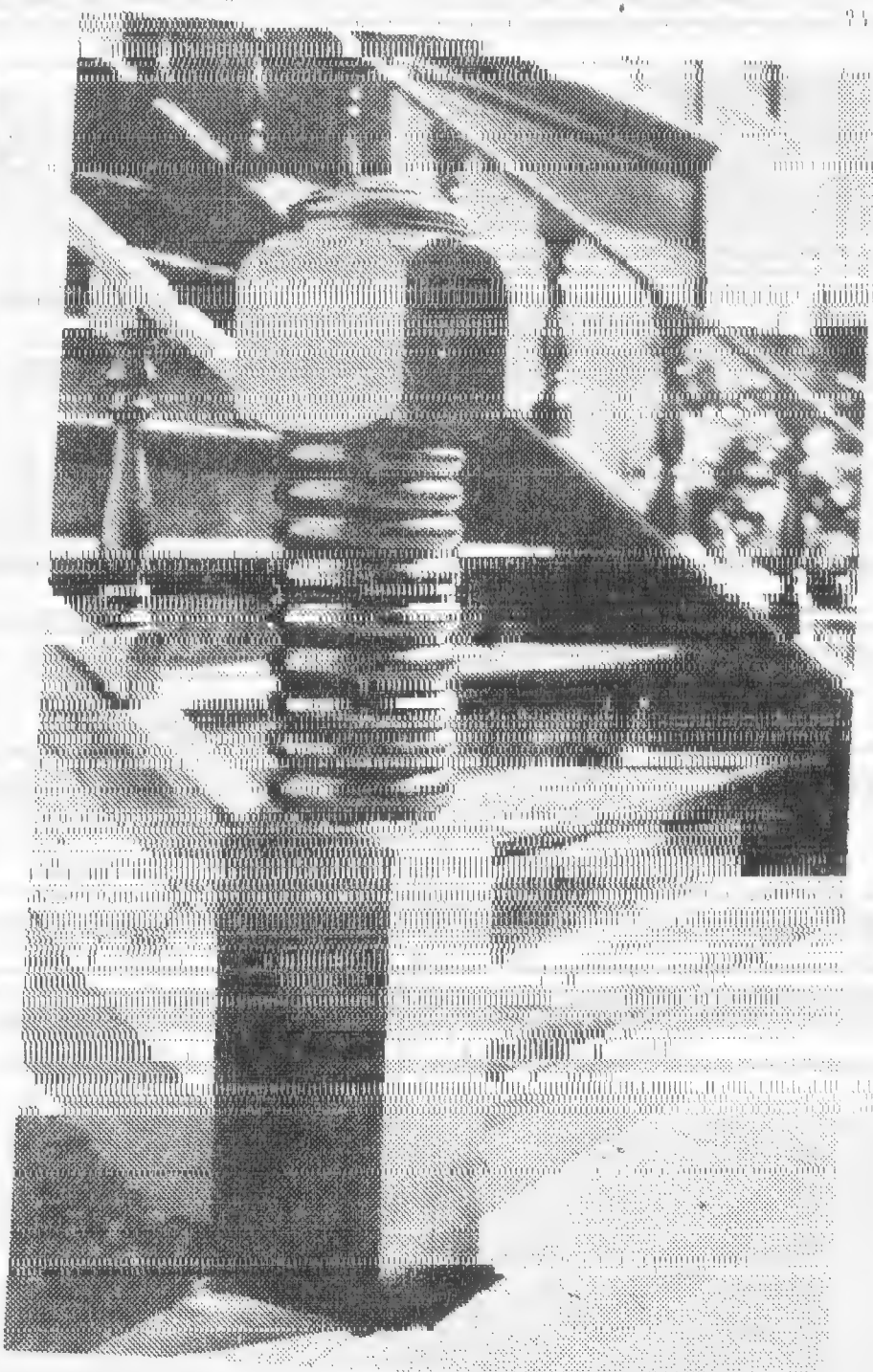
for yourself here.

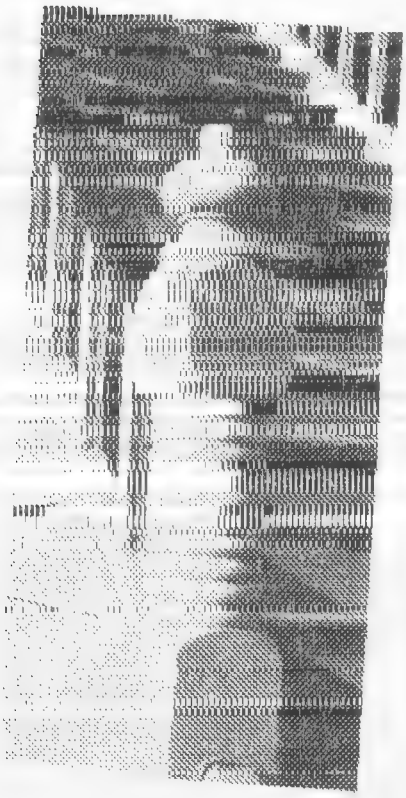


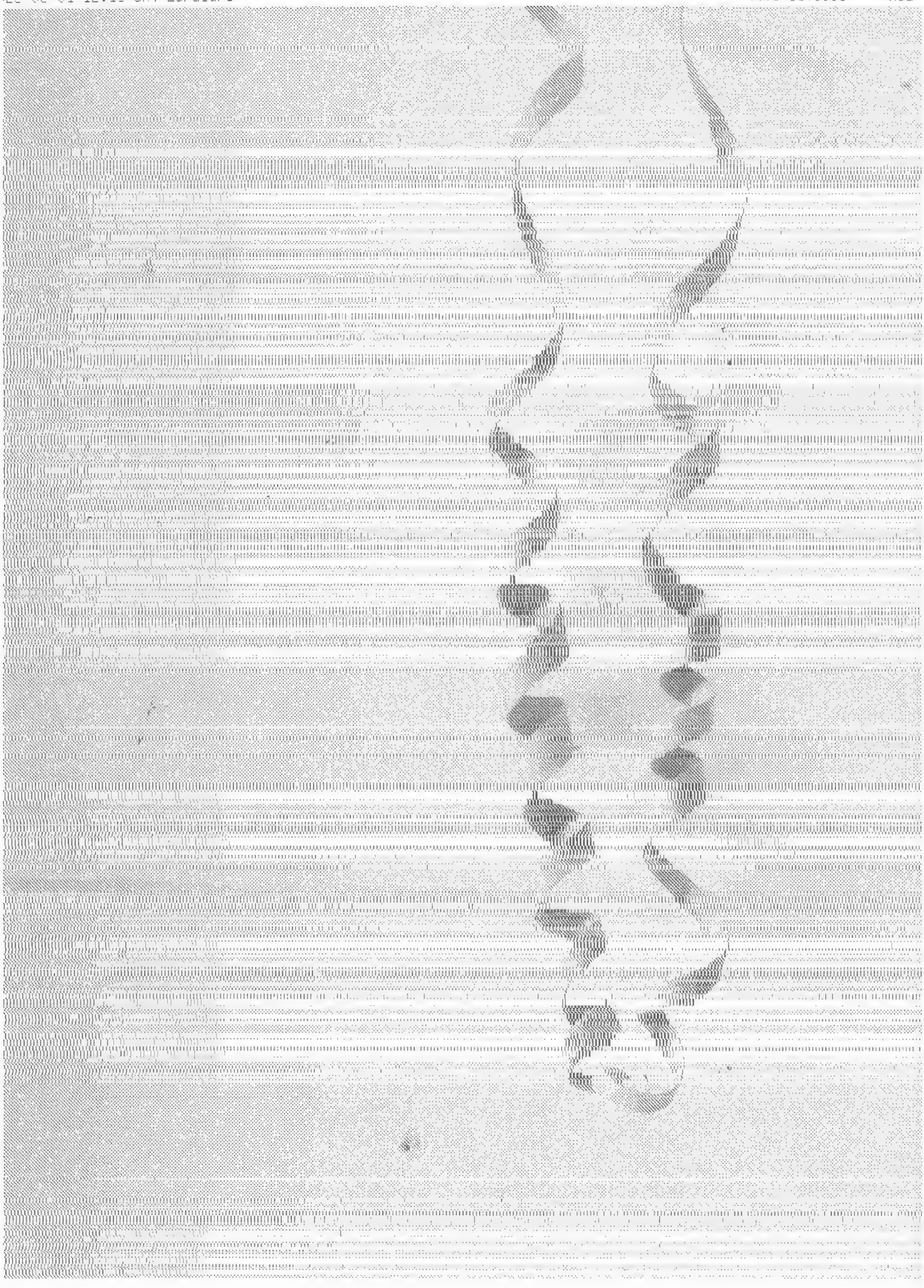


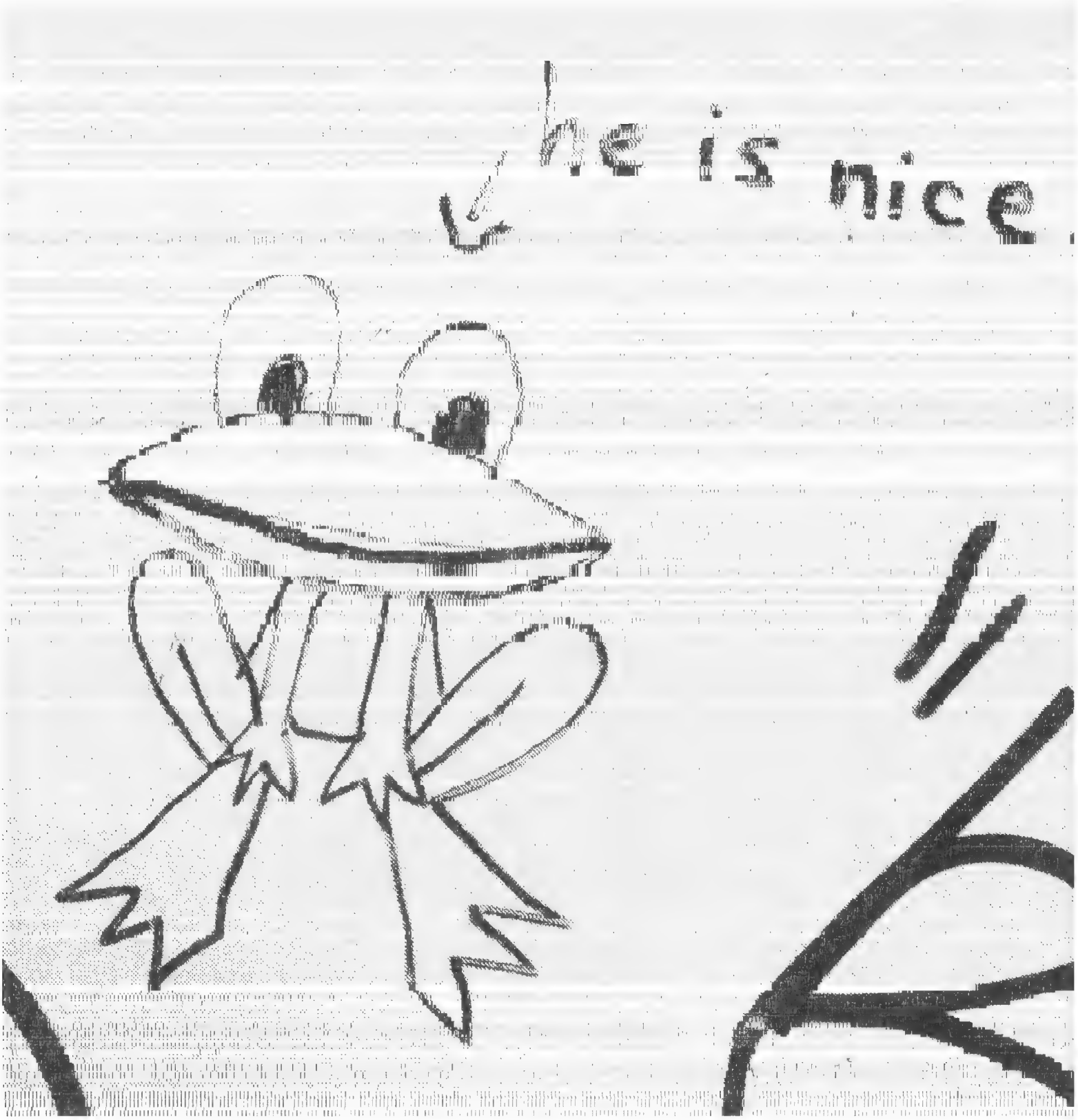


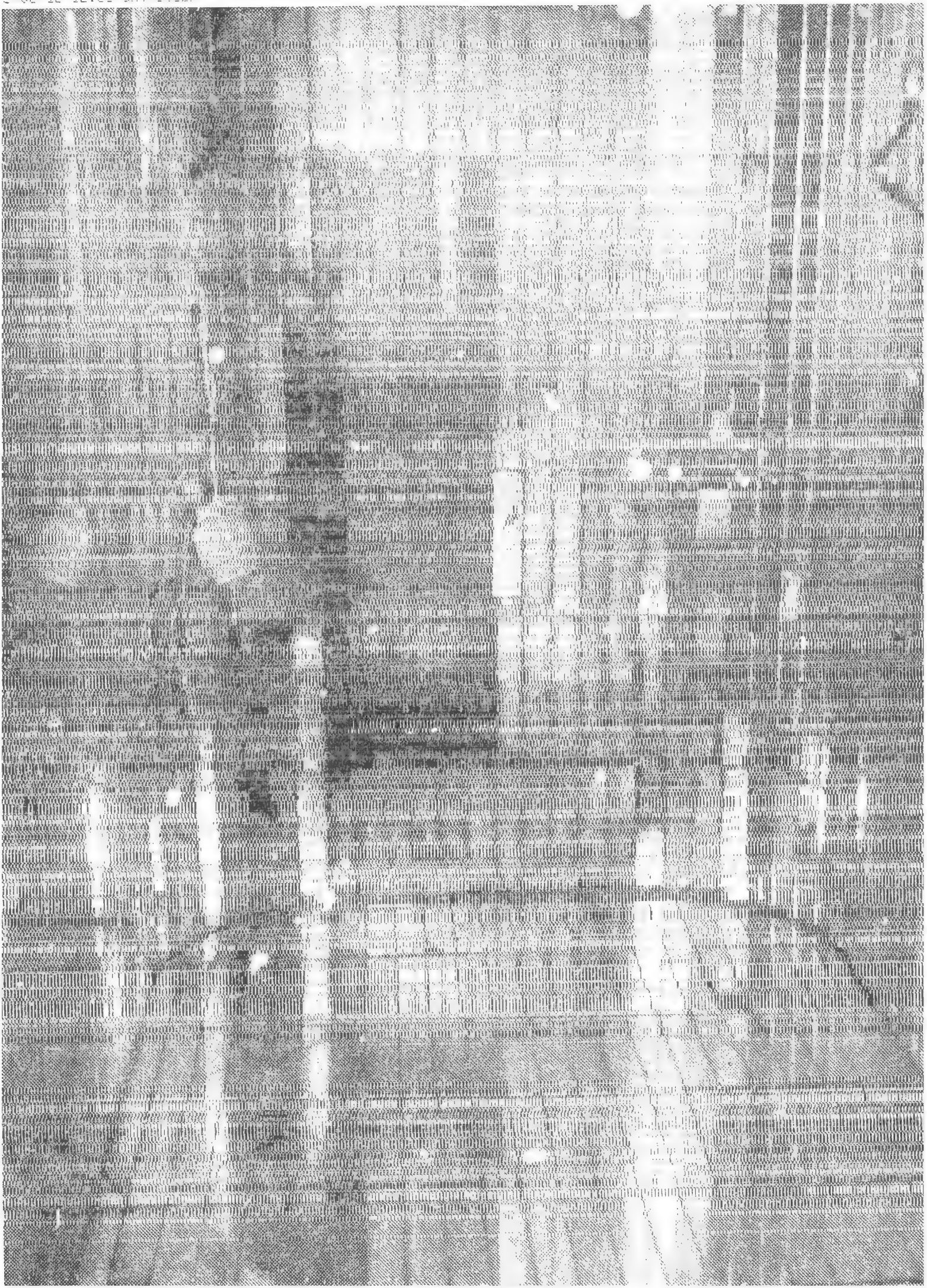









he is nice



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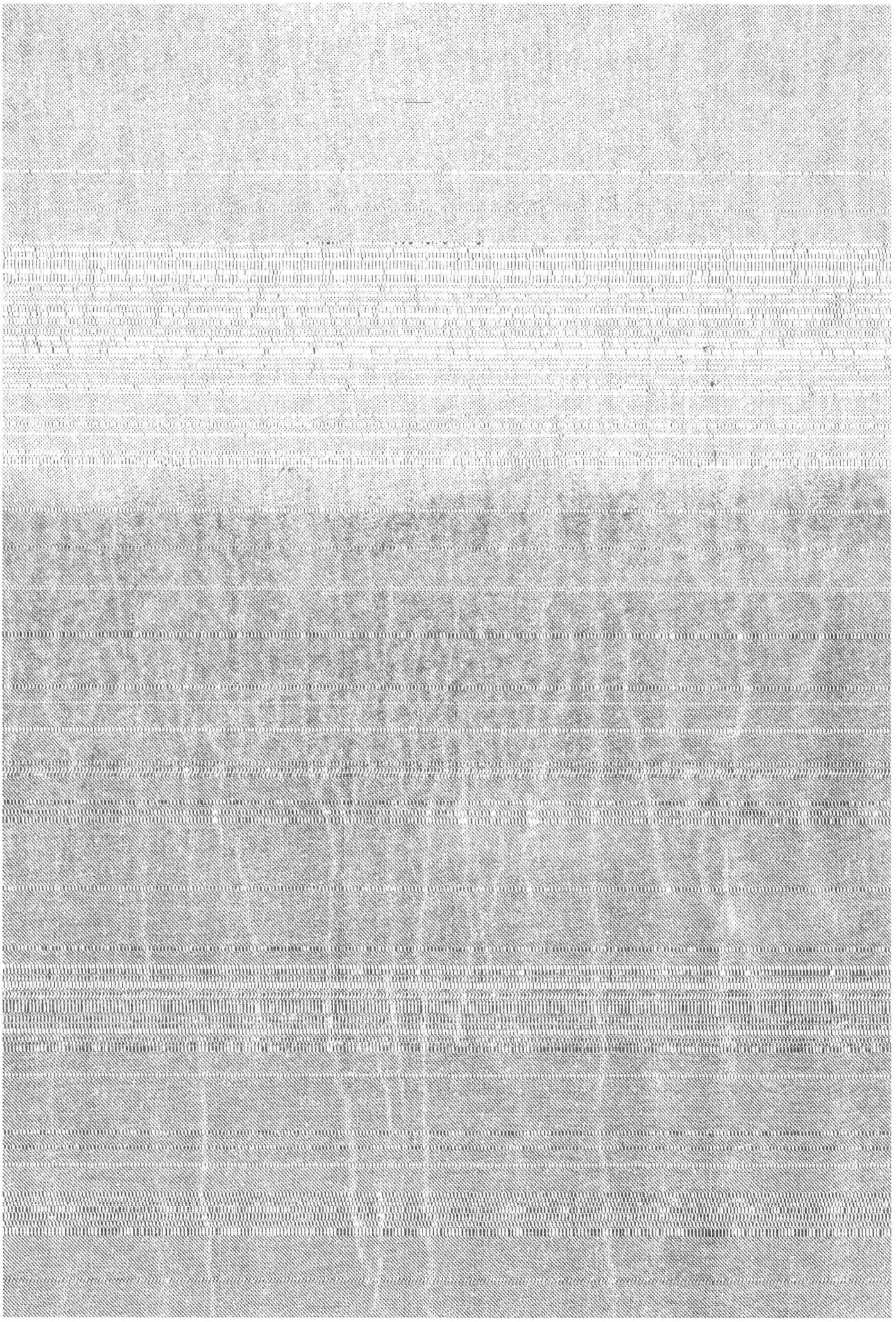
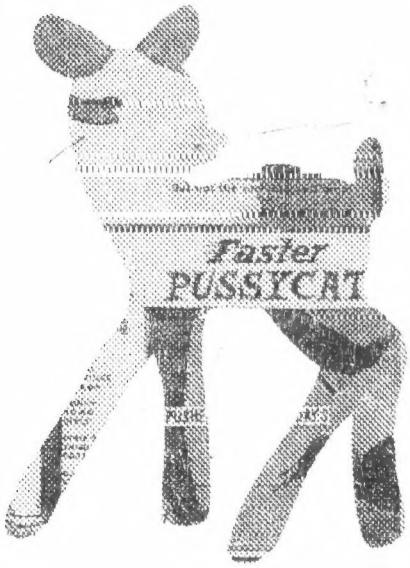
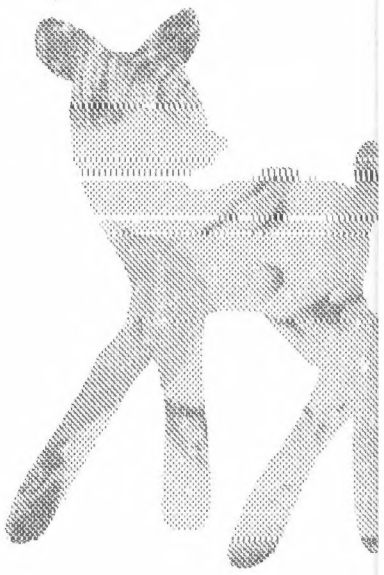
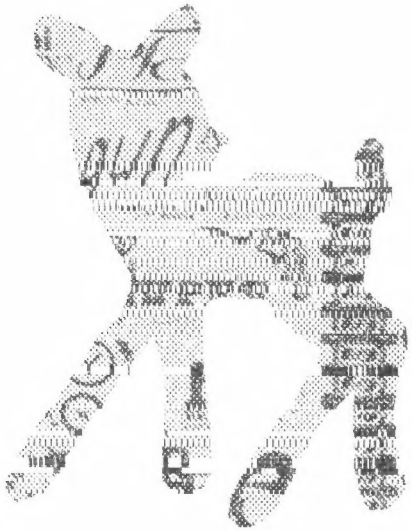



Faster
PUSSYCAT





[JOURNAL]

MAR. 01 2025 01:09PM

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*CODE = FOR SERVICE CENTER USE ONLY